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# LASZLO TALKS TO GOD ABOUT LASZLO'S ROLE

Pat Brown

I've spoken before about the perplexity in the world:  
the rules & manifestations that seem somewhat  
less than well-conceived or thoughtfully deployed:  
platypi, for example, or abstract art & modern poetry  
(snips of this & that, jumbles of *non sequiturs* ) or  
brassiere fasteners, God knows! - well, I'm sure You do,  
you have Your reasons for these, but

what's Your reason for me, Laszlo? I know someone has to  
sell shoes, and I sell them with diligence, if not joy - but  
what's my purpose? Am I a benchmark, a baseline  
for the Brents & Brandis encountering me to measure  
how far they've come? Or am I an experimental factor -  
just like the the control group, minus one feature of consequence  
(say, looks ... or charm ... or charisma) - in your Cosmic Lab?  
Perhaps I'm Your Divine Canary, sensitive  
to some faint psychic toxin, whose demise  
will warn You things have gone too far.  
At least these roles all serve some end; I beg that

I not be burdensome or useless in Your Scheme.  
I need to know I am not repugnant, not of a kind with  
halitosis or farts; not vexatious in the manner of  
child-proof bottle caps or impotence or clattering tappets;  
certainly not onerous & wearisome like income taxes  
or pantyhose. I crave Your reassurance; please

give me a sign! A modest burning bush would do,  
though I know that's not your style in the world today.  
Maybe an animal - nothing fancy ... a cat, say, or a sparrow-  
could speak to me in English - say "Attaway, Laszlo, keep it up!"  
or "Don't let the bastards wear you down, Laz!";  
then I'd know. Or if there could be the sunset of sunsets - all  
crimson blaze & bottomless violet & shrieking yellow - and  
above it (in gothic, perhaps) a large, tasteful "L",  
I'd have a clue. If these are too obtrusive, how about  
the comely blonde across the hall suggesting that  
we mingle *tête-à-tête* ? Just a thought.  
Your Will be done - I'll watch & wait  
in faith...